Riſe reſty Muſe, my loves ſweet face ſurvay,
If time have any wrinckle graven there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times ſpoiles diſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame, faſter then time wasts life,
So thou prevenſt his Sithe, and crooked knife.
Oh truant Muſe what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beautie di'd?
But truth and beautie on my love depends:
So doſt thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make aaſwer Muſe, wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,
Beautie no penſell, beauties truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermixt.
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumbe?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo, for't lies in thee,
To make her much out-live a gilded tombe:
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then doe thy office muſe, I teach thee how,
To make her ſeeme long hence, as ſhe ſhowes now.

Conſtant affection.

TO me faire love you never can be old,
For as you were when firſt your eye I eyde,
Such ſeemes your beautie ſtill: Three Winters cold,
Have from the forreſts ſhooke three ſummers pride,
Three beautious ſprings to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons have I ſeene,

Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are g
Ah yet doth beautie like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no place percei
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtil
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceav
For feare of which, heare this thou age
Ere you were borne was beatties ſumm
Let not my love be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloved as an Idoll ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and prayſes be
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to day, to morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verſe to conſtancie confin'de
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, varrying to other wor
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three theames in one, which wondrous ſco
Faire, kinde, and true, have often liv'd alo
Which three till now, never kept ſeate in
When in the Chronicle of waſted time,
I ſee diſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beautie making beautifull old rime,
In praiſe of Ladies dead, and lovely Knight
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauties beſt,
Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antique Pen would have expreſt,
Even ſuch a beautie as you maſter now.
So all their prayſes are but propheſies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,

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